HYMNS,

AND

DIVINE SONGS,

FOR

YOUNG PERSONS.

To which are added,

Many Hymns on interesting Subjects,

FOR PRIVATE AND PUBLIC USE.

Originally designed for the Use of the

SUNDAY SCHOOL,

AT BOLTON.

BY BENJAMIN RHODES.

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1796.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

ACCOUNT

of the

Sunday School,

At Bolton.

IN the Methodiſt SUNDAY SCHOOL at BOLTON-LE-MOORS, there are about eight hundred Scholars, forty Maſters, and nearly as many Aſſiſtants of one kind or other. All that are employed in this School (whatever their offices) offer their ſervices willingly, without any pecuniary fee or reward. Every man ſtands cloſe to his ſtation, and enters into the ſpirit of his work, with an intention to do all the good in his power to the children under his care. The Maſters love the children, and delight to inſtruct them: The children love their Maſters, and cheerfully receive inſtruction. It is about two years ſince they firſt began the School in our large convenient chapel; and the great good attending the undertaking, appears more and more daily; not only in BOLTON, but in the adjacent places from whence Children come conſtantly to the School, who live in the country ſeveral miles off.

Many of the poor Children about BOLTON have been greatly neglected in their education, and are almoſt a proverb for wickedneſs, eſpecially ſabbath-breaking: which crime, is often the fore-runner of the worſt of evils.

We ſee, at preſent, the proſpect of a glorious reformation. Among many who attend at our place, there is already a great change in their manners, and morals. They are taught to read and write by perſons who are well qualified for the work. Many of the Children can read well in the Bible, and write a tolerable hand, —ſo that they are qualified for any common capacity in life, with reſpect to learning. Their natural ruſticity is alſo greatly worn off, and their behaviour is modeſt, and decent. About one hundred are taught to ſing (by thoſe well ſkill'd in the art) in which branch they have made great proficiency, to the admiration of thoſe who hear them.

But what is better than all the reſt, the principles of Religion are inſtilled into their minds. The Maſters endeavour to impreſs them with the fear of God; and by that, to make all vice and wickedneſs become hateful to them;—and urge to obedience by the precepts and motives of the goſpel. Each claſs is ſpoken to, ſeparately, every Sunday, on the nature of religion; and they are taught their duty to God, their neighbour, and themſelves; and the inſtructions are enforced by ſerious counſels, and ſolemn prayers.

Theſe labours are not in vain. In ſeveral of the Children there is the appearance of a gracious change. The iniquities and follies to which they were formerly addicted, are renounced; and they now earneſtly deſire and ſeek the mercy, and favour of God, in the uſe of his appointed means; and are diligent, and regular in their deportment.

I doubt not, but the School will be attended with great good; and turn out many uſeful members of ſociety, and ornaments to religion.

There are ſtill, in many places, poor children "Periſhing for lack of Knowledge." The ſeeds of vice, bad examples, and ſtrong temptations are very prev-

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lent, even in tender years, and when these are not early checked, they often lay a foundation for future ruin!

Should not every benevolent, and especially every religious man, do all in his power to rescue these poor creatures from a state of ignorance and wickedness? and lead them to the peaceful paths of wisdom and blessedness? Can there be a greater pleasure than to do good to our fellow-creatures, and thus to rescue them from destruction? Would not a retrospect of such endeavours smile more, in a dying hour, than the wealth of the Indies, which a man was leaving behind him!

Such works are pleasing to God: and whatever we do with a pure intention to please him, and do good to our fellow-creatures, will not lose its reward. The merciful man shall obtain mercy. But those who wilfully neglect their talent, are ranked among such as shall "Go into everlasting punishment."

Now is the time to do good to the rising generation: Divine Providence has opened the way for it. Who knows but future generations may have reason to bless God in time and eternity, for what is done in this. Blessed are they who are instrumental of doing the least good to immortal souls. The time of action will soon be over; let us do good while we may: Then will our great Master at last receive us with "Well done!"

BOLTON, shews a good example—may thousands and tens of thousands follow it.

In the following Hymns and Divine Songs, I have added my mite to improve the Children's judgments, and inspire them with love to the sublimest truths; and also to give them a proper relish for true piety, and the things that concern their everlasting happiness. The chief part of the compositions will suit their genius; and the more so, as many of them are made to the most

popular tunes. Children of taſte (eſpecially thoſe who have a good ear) are much more pleaſed and affected with verſe, than proſe,—receive any ſentiment ſooner, when delivered therein, and retain it longer. The ſubjects on which the Hymns, &c. are written, are intereſting to all:—So that, I hope (thro' God's bleſſing) not only the young, but thoſe of mature age, may find benefit in the reading or ſinging of them.

BOLTON, 1787.

IT is about nine years ſince I publiſhed the firſt edition of Hymns for the Sunday School at BOLTON. The good which has been done in the ſaid School, ſince that time, is very great indeed. Many of the children have died happy in a ſenſe of the favour and love of God. Many others are ſteady members of ſociety, who adorn the goſpel of God their Saviour: and two, whom I left ſcholars in the ſchool at that time, are become uſeful preachers. The Maſters ſtill ſtand in their ſtations;—not as hirelings, who get their taſk over as ſoon as poſſible,—but as men of God, who labour to do all the good they can: And the Lord owns them, and bleſſes their labours. The number of ſcholars now, is about One Thouſand One Hundred. Taking the ſchool altogether;—I ſuppoſe there is no other, of the ſame inſtitution, to equal it in the world.

I have greatly enlarged the Hymn-book, to render it more generally uſeful: And as the ſubjects are experimental, and entertaining, I truſt many will find benefit in peruſing the ſame.

B. RHODES.

BOLTON, Feb. 25, 1796.

On the Dedication of my Son Benjamin, at the Time of his Baptiſm.

1 ETERNAL Father, Lord of all,
Of life, the ſource and end;
Regard my ſupplicating call,
While at thy throne I bend.

2 This tender gift on me beſtow'd,
This lovely infant ſon;
I dedicate to thee, my God,
Adopt him for thine own.

3 I dare not wiſh,—to thee reſign'd,
Nor aſk his life or death;—
Only,—to good diſpoſe his mind,
Or,—take his infant breath.

4 Should'ſt thou in great compaſſion ſpare,
And lengthen out his ſpan;
In mercy ſave from ev'ry ſnare
The infant, youth, and man.

5 May he be early ſanctified
Thro' the atoning blood;
And ever in the truth abide,
Devoted to his God.

6 Let peaceful wiſdom from above,
Shine on his tender age;
And filial fear, and holy love,
Guard ev'ry riſing ſtage.

7 His mind by humble gifts prepare,
To fill ſome uſeful place;
And let him in thy goodneſs ſhare
A plenitude of grace.

8 Make thy paternal kindneſs known,
And what is beſt provide:
His life with tender mercies crown,
And all his footſteps guide.

9 Accept, O Lord, my humble pray'r,
Thro' thine eternal Son;
This infant take into thy care,
And may—*Thy will be done.*

On his Death, aged two Months.

1 AND is he gone!—my only ſon?
His infant ſpirit fled?
His mortal race ſo quickly run,
And number'd with the dead?

2 How wither'd is the tender flow'r,
Juſt opening with the day;
That budded, bloom'd, and ſmil'd an hour,
Then droop'd, and died away!

3 Fond nature ſheds a tender tear,
Wrung from the feeling heart;
Sweet innocence,—ſo twiſted there,
How painful thus to part!

4 In dedications, Lord, to thee
My ſon was early giv'n,
By ſolemn vows in infancy,
Was yielded up to heav'n.

5 My praiſe for what thy love beſtow'd,
Aſcended to thy throne;
The gift recall'd,—it is my God
Hath taken back his own.

6 He only taſted life's ſad cup,
Then quickly fled away;
While angels bore his ſpirit up
To realms of endleſs day!

7 I there the lovely *babe* ſhall meet,
Perhaps a cherub bright;
Who firſt my mounting ſoul may greet
In rapturous delight!

8 Thy peaceful relicks reſt in hope,
Till all the good ſhall riſe;
Thy Saviour then ſhall thoſe raiſe up,
New moulded for the ſkies.

9 Till then, where e'er thy ſpirit flies,
Or ſoars the unknown height;
It ſtill ſurveys new glories riſe,
Tranſported with delight!

10 With thoſe who ſhar'd my feeling heart,
There,——I ſhall meet again:
Tranſporting thought!—no more to part,
Where joys eternal reign!

On Tenderneſs to Living Creatures.

HYMN I.

1 CREATION groans beneath its curſe,
And all that live complain;
With hunger, thirſt, diſeaſe, oppreſt,
And ſore afflicting pain.

2 The brute, the fowl, and inſect ſmall,
And all reſpiring breath;
To various miſeries are prone,
And to the pangs of death.

3 Shall we who are ſo form'd to feel,
By reaſon taught to know,
Unpitying, wantonly increaſe
The living creature's woe?

4 The ſons of Belial, ſavage like,
To cruelty inclin'd;
In acts of foul babarity
Betray a ſavage mind.

5 Let ev'ry creature God hath made,
Your tendereſt pity ſhare;
The merciful and gentle mind
Is God's peculiar care.

On Tenderneſs to the Human Race.

HYMN II.

1 OUR race to pain and death allied,
Beneath their heavy burdens groan;
And oft in ſore afflictions tried,
The various ills of life bemoan.

2 Shall we who are ſo prone to pain,
To grief, and death's terrific dart,
Not feel, when anguiſh ſhall explain
The ſorrows of a bleeding heart?

3 May ſympathy that melts at woe,
With all her train of tempers kind;
Her genial tenderneſs beſtow,
And live for ever in my mind.

4 Thou,—who baſt form'd my wond'rous frame,
And did'ſt with life my breaſt inſpire;
My paſſions melt in the pure flame
Of holy love, and chaſte deſire.

5 Be gentleneſs my conſtant gueſt,
By pity mov'd, ſwift to forgive:
With ev'ry gen'rous temper bleſs'd,
That ſhares the good of all that live.

6 If riſing years mature my mind,
My days extend to hoary age;
May genuine ſweetneſs, ever kind,
Attend my life thro' ev'ry ſtage.

Petition.

HYMN III.

1 OUR helpleſs ſtate, O Lord, defend and guide;
On thee we call, and in thy grace confide;

The crooked paths, where careleſs ſinners ſtray,
We now renounce, and chuſe the better way.

2 Our childiſh ſins and follies all forgive,
Let mercy bid returning ſinners live;
To thee we come, unworthy as we are,
Receive, and bleſs us with thy guardian care.

3 Redeeming Lord, thy light and truth impart,
Thy holy law engrave upon our heart;
Our paſſions bind with love's prevailing chain,
And condeſcend in ev'ry heart to reign.

4 Lord we are thine, thine own in ſafety keep,
Among the thouſands of thy gather'd ſheep;
In life and death thy praiſe may we declare,
And grace and glory by thy mercy ſhare.

HYMN IV.

OUR minds, O Lord, with grace inſpire
To do thy righteous will;
Warm ev'ry breaſt with pure deſire
Thy precepts to fulfil.

2 Let ev'ry ſacred ſabbath be
Recorded with delight;
A day of ſacrifice to thee,
Well pleaſing in thy ſight.

3 No more may vain amuſements draw
Our fooliſh hearts aſtray;
Nor ſinners, who deſpiſe thy law,
Entice us from thy way.

4 Should'ſt thou our feeble ſpan prolong,
And lengthen out our days;
In ev'ry age attune the ſong
To our Preſerver's praiſe.

5 We bleſs thee for thy tender care,
We, in our childhood prove;
Still let us in thy mercy ſhare,
The viſits of thy love.

HYMN V.

1 JESUS, Redeemer, Saviour, King,
Thy grace and benefits we ſing;
Thy providential hand we ſee,
And yield our early days to thee.

2 The world and ev'ry vain delight,
Teach us to conquer in thy might;
Thine own adopted children, we
Are dedicated, Lord, to thee.

3 Thro' all the maze of life prepare
Our path by providential care;
Whate'er is beſt on us beſtow,
'Till we thy great ſalvation know.

4 In union firm, as we've begun,
The chriſtian race ſtill may we run;
Nor from the paths of duty move,
'Till we attain the prize above.

Praiſe.

HYMN VI.

1 COME, let us join our Lord to praiſe,
Whoſe mercy knows no end;
To him our cheerful voices raiſe,
Our father, and our friend.

2 In tender infancy his care
Preſerv'd our lives from harm;
And now he keeps us from the ſnare
Of ſin's deceitful charm.

3 He gently draws our minds to hear
The kind inſtructions giv'n;
And by his reverential fear
We ſeek the way to heav'n.

4 He gives us friends who ſeek our good,
And ſtrive to make us wiſe;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants ſupplies.

5 With grateful praiſe we will proclaim
The mercies of our God:
And tell of all *his* wond'rous fame,
Who bought us with his blood.

The Goodneſs of God.

HYMN VII.

1 GREAT Father of all, thy mercy diſplay,
Aſſiſt us to ſing, aſſiſt us to pray;

Aſſiſt to adore thee, and tell of thy fame,
And in loud hoſannas thy goodneſs proclaim.

2 Thy love to our race ſurpaſſeth all thought,
Tho' captives and ſlaves, with blood we are bought;
The blood of our Saviour who came from above,
And died to redeem us in mercy and love.

3 Thy tendereſt care we ever have found,
Our childhood and youth with bleſſings abound;
Thy grace and compaſſion we ſee, and adore
The bounteous *ſource* of an infinite ſtore!

4 Thy light and thy truth make known and impart,
Repleniſh with grace the penitent heart;
Reſtore to thy favour, and give us to prove,
The joys of ſalvation in Jeſus's love.

5 Then will we declare to ſinners around,
How mercy and grace to ſinners abound;
We'll publiſh ſalvation, and join to proclaim,
The wonders repeated in Jeſus's name.

They that ſeek me early ſhall find me. Prov. viii. 15.

HYMN VIII.

Part 1.

1 THE riſing odours of the ſpring
Their fragrant tribute pay;
And birds their early anthems bring
To hail the king of day.

2 Prolific nature in its birth
A grateful off'ring makes;
And morn, while fleeting o'er the earth,
The fields and woods awakes.

3 'Tis pleaſing to our heav'nly king,
When children in their youth,
To him their early off'rings bring,
And ſeek his grace and truth:

4 His truth to babes he maketh known,
Who learn of him are wiſe;
Their humble ſuit he'll not diſown,
Nor ſpurn their ſacrifice.

HYMN IX.

Part 2.

1 TO children that God's name revere,
And ſeek his righteous way,
Devoted to his holy fear,
And for his mercy pray;—

2 His ears, their humble ſuit attend,
He views them with his eye;
And will in mercy condeſcend
To bring ſalvation nigh.

3 He will their ſin and fear remove
With his enlivening ray;
And in his tenderneſs and love
Direct them in his way.

4 O Lord, we offer up to thee
Our hearts, and early days;
Thy children let us ever be,
Devoted to thy praiſe.

HYMN X.

1 TO thee, our Creator, we bring
The fruit of our earlieſt days,
And join in a concert to ſing
Our gratefuleſt anthems of praiſe;—
For all the inſtructions we hear
Which teach us thy glorious truth,
The caution that bids us beware,
Of all that would injure our youth.

2 Thy fatherly call from above
We thankfully hear, and receive,
Return to the arms of thy love
To taſte of thy bounty and live;
Receive a poor prodigal race,
The joy of ſalvation impart,
And with the rich ſtores of thy grace,
Repleniſh the penitent heart.

A Morning Hymn.

HYMN XI.

1 AGAIN the beams of cheering light
Have chas'd the gloomy train of night;
The Lord preſerv'd us while we ſlept,
And in his kind protection kept.

2 Thouſands have clos'd their eyes in death,
And yielded in the night their breath;
Yet us, he did in mercy ſpare,
The objects of his tender care.

3 While thus we live beneath thy wing,
Teach us thy providence to ſing;
And with new vigour daily riſe,
To pay our morning ſacrifice,

4 Let no foul ſtain pollute this day,
Nor we from paths of duty ſtray;
But keep us in thy holy fear,
With hearts devoted and ſincere.

5 As day advances, let thy grace
The darkneſs from our nature chaſe;
And wiſdom all her ſtores diſplay,
With brightneſs, as the perfect day.

6 O! Sun of righteouſneſs appear,
And ſcatter all the gloom of fear;
Thy heav'nly light and life impart,
To cheer the humble contrite heart.

An Evening Hymn.

HYMN XII.

1 THE evening ſhades again draw nigh
Which like a curtain veil the ſky;

The labours of the day is o'er,
The day is fled that comes no more!

2 What I have thought, or ſaid, and done;
Or, how my courſe of duty run;
Lie all before his piercing eyes,
Who all my ſecret thoughts eſpies!

3 Our follies and our ſins forgive,
And bid repenting ſinners live;
O! bid us live, thy love to tell,
Whoſe mercy ſaves from ſin and hell.

4 To thee, O Lord, we humbly pray;
And for the bleſſings of the day,
Accept our ſacrifice of praiſe,
Which now in grateful ſongs we raiſe.

5 Still may thy providential care
Preſerve from ev'ry fatal ſnare;
And from the perils of the night,
Defend us with thy ſov'reign might.

6 May angels round our nightly bed,
Ever their bright pavilion ſpread;
Into thine own protection take,
And keep us if we ſleep or wake.

7 When death, like ſable night, ſhall come,
And call us to our endleſs home;
May we be found in peace with thee,
And 'wake in bleſs'd eternity.

Obedience to Parents.

HYMN XIII.

1 CHILDREN, your parents' will obey,
The Lord commands it to be done;
And thoſe that from the precept ſtray,
To miſery and ruin run.

2 Your parents honour and revere,
Be tender, generous, and kind;
Let filial love wipe ev'ry tear,
And chaſe the ſorrows from their mind.

3 The diſobedient children meet
The vengeance of the Lord moſt high;
His curſe purſues their wand'ring feet,
And ere they reach their prime,—they die!

4 But thoſe who pay the honour due,
Serve with reſpect and filial fear,
In all their doings juſt and true,
And in obedience perſevere;—

5 With length of days and mercies crown'd,
Their peaceful days ſhall glide away;
In bleſſings multiplied abound,
Which never wither nor decay!

Sabbath Breaking.

HYMN XIV.

1 TO good averſe, and prone to ill,
We tread the broad forbidden way;
And children of a froward will,
From the fair paths of duty ſtray.

2 The Lord commands his day ſhall be
A day of holineſs and pray'r;
A day of reſt from induſtry,
From vain purſuits, and worldly care.

3 The rude, the ignorant, and baſe,
The Lord's moſt holy ſabbath break;
They run from all the means of grace,
And by their ſin deſtruction ſeek!

4 When children in their early days,
Begin the ſabbath to prophane;
Led by example in the ways
Of wickedneſs, and pleaſures vain:—

5 The Lord of ſabbath they deſpiſe,
More hard'ned in their baſeneſs grow;
'Till mighty vengeance from the ſkies
Shall hurl them down to endleſs woe!

On Thieving.

HYMN XV.

1 THOU ſhalt not ſteal thy neighbour's right,
Nor covet what is not thine own;
The pilfering thief that ſhuns the light,
Brings on his head the vengeance down.

2 When children in their early days
Begin to cheat, defraud, and ſteal;
By ſwift degrees find out the ways,
Which lead to infamy, and hell.

3 Their days are ſpent in idle ſchemes,
Their nights in ſtratagems and fears;
A ghaſtly train diſturbs their dreams,
And death in dreadful forms appears.

4 The Lord our ſecret ſins eſpies,
None can from him their actions hide;
His wrath the guilty ſhall ſurpriſe,
But who his vengeance can abide?

5 O! Lord, thy gracious fear impart,
Reſtrain us from unrighteous ways;
Let grace and truth poſſeſs our hearts,
And upright joys crown all our days.

On Lying.

HYMN XVI.

1 THE liar who the truth denies,
To cover his offence;
And by deceit and falſhood tries
To gain his baſe pretence.

2 Abhor'd of men the wretch ſhall be,
None can a liar truſt;
His name is ſtain'd with infamy,
And trampled in the duſt!

3 The Lord abhors the lying tongue,
Addicted to defame;
He ſees the baſe deceit and wrong,
And brings the wretch to ſhame.

4 He will the guilty liar ſhake
In his moſt dreadful ire;
And fix his portion in the lake
Of everlaſting fire!

On Swearing.

HYMN XVII.

1 THOU ſhalt not ſwear, nor take in vain
The holy name of God moſt high;
Rebellious ſinners and profane
Shall for their foul offences die.

2 The fiends of hell, in wild deſpair,
Blaſpheme, and rage in helliſh chains;
And ſinners who profanely ſwear,
With them muſt ſuffer endleſs pains.

3 Baſe children ſwear, by ſinners taught,
And take the name of God in vain;
They ſet his awful threats at nought
And grow in wickedneſs profane.

4 Ye bold preſumptuous ſinners, flee
The dangers of your dreadful ſtate;
While mercy waits to ſet you free,
Repent before it be too late.

On Idleneſs.

HYMN XVIII.

1 SEE the ſhameful ſluggard, ſee,
Sinking into poverty!
Cloth'd in dirty rags and mean,
Never in his perſon clean.

2 He that toils not for his bread,
Ought not to be cloth'd or fed;
He deſerves reproach and ſhame,
And a ſluggard's hated name.

3 Baſe and ignorant his mind,
Ne'er to goodneſs is inclin'd:
Lets the golden moments fly,
Nor prepares to live or die!

4 Idleneſs to fouleſt deeds
Oft the young tranſgreſſor leads,
'Till detected in his ways,
And cut off amidſt his days!

On Diligence.

HYMN XIX.

1 THE youth to diligence inclin'd,
Who ſtrives to cultivate his mind,
And labours for his daily bread,
Shall by God's providence be fed.

2 He ſhakes the ſlumber from his eyes,
Determin'd early to ariſe;
The paths of duty to purſue,
And be in all his dealings true.

3 By diligence and prudent care,
Shall gain a reputation fair;
In wiſdom and in wealth abound,
And be with health and plenty crown'd.

4 The wiſe and good ſhall on him ſmile,
Rewards ſhall all his toils beguile;
The Lord will bleſſings on him pour,
Like dew upon the tender flow'r.

On Sin.

HYMN XX.

1 SIN is a breach of God's commands;—
Or not to do as theſe require,
The law, with all its vengeance, ſtands
To puniſh with eternal fire!

2 Each idle word, and evil thought,
And all the follies that are done,
Shall into judgment ſoon be brought,
For none the eyes of God can ſhun!

3 'Twas ſin depriv'd of glorious bliſs
The angels, who have loſt their ſeat,
And plung'd them down to hell's abyſs,
Where pain and torment are complete!

4 The happy pair, in paradiſe,
For ſin, were baniſh'd from that place;
And thro' their foul revolt and vice,
Became accurs'd with all their race.

5 'Tis ſin for which the damn'd lament:
Who dy'd in all their guilty ſtain,
Are down to fiery regions ſent,
And there for ever muſt remain!

6 Shall we on ſinful courſes dare?
And thus to endleſs ruin run?
Lord, ſave us from the fatal ſnare,
And teach us all its wiles to ſhun.

God is ever preſent, and knoweth all things.

HYMN XXI.

1 THE Lord Jehovah ever was,
And ever more ſhall be,
The ſame while endleſs ages paſs
Thro' all eternity!

2 He fills the univerſal ſpace,
And from his throne on high,
Views all his works, in ev'ry place,
With his all-ſearching eye!

3 In him we live, and move, and are,
From him our good receive;
He by his providential care,
Provides for all that live.

4 Our ſecret thoughts are in his ſight,
He hears the words we ſay;
And ev'ry thing he'll bring to light
At the great judgment day.

5 Am I a juſt account to give
Of all I think and do?
And muſt I ſoon in glory live?
Or, ſink to endleſs woe?

6 O! Lord my follies I lament,
Regard my humble cry;
In mercy ſpare a penitent,
And ſave me, or I die.

7 Behold me not with angry look,
Nor thy juſt vengeance take;
But blot my follies from thy book,
For my Redeemer's ſake.

Repentance.

HYMN XXII.

Part 1.

1 HOW ſhall a guilty ſinner find
A pardon for his foul offence?
Will mercy, infinite and kind,
Receive my humble penitence?

2 Yes, mercy, thro' the Saviour's blood,
Can ſins of deepeſt dye forgive;
The *word* proclaims a pard'ning God,
Who bids repenting ſinners live!

3 To thee, I look, Redeeming Lord;
Repentance to a child impart;
Thy all-ſubduing grace afford,
The meltings of a contrite heart.

4 My ſins I tremble to recount,
The evils I have baſely done;
I bluſh to view the great amount,
And all my hated follies ſhun.

5 I own the ſentence of thy law,
Deſerve the ſecond death to die;
And at thy throne with trembling awe,
A ſuppliant,—I for mercy cry.

HYMN XXIII.

Part 2.

1 INTO this evil world of ſtrife
The Lord came down to bleſs our race;
And for our ranſom gave his life,
To ſave by plenitude of grace.

2 Thou wilt returning ſinners ſave,
Within thy houſe there yet is room;
Thy mercy, Lord, is all I crave,
Lord let thy tender mercy come.

3 I will not ceaſe my humble cry
'Till thou beſtow the kind relief;
The ſov'reign balm of life apply,
And baniſh all my ſin and grief.

4 O! let thy blood my pardon ſeal,
The knowledge of ſalvation give;
Thy covenant of peace reveal,
And bid a dying ſinner live.

He that believeth on the Son hath everlaſting life.

HYMN XXIV.

1 FAITH pierces thro' the ſtarry ſky
And views the Lamb of God,
In all his prieſtly majeſty,
Prevailing by his blood.

2 Jeſus the Saviour precious is,
To all that now believe;
Dear object of my glorious bliſs,
I taſte thy grace and live.

3 For me, the Lamb of God was ſlain,
For me, the Saviour dy'd;
His blood that cleanſes ev'ry ſtain,
By faith I feel apply'd!

4 I call the great Redeemer mine,
Redemption's joy I prove;
And in a confidence divine,
I triumph in his love!

5 The promiſe of his grace I claim,
The promiſe ſtands ſecure;
And truſting in his ſacred name,
The toils of life endure.

6 He, the foundation of my hope,
The *ſource* of my delight;
With precious treaſure fills my cup,
And ſaves me with his might!

7 Great object of my faith and love
I yield my all to thee;
In life and death may I ſtill prove,
Thine all-ſufficiency.

Adoption.

HYMN XXV.

1 ALL children of wrath by nature we are,
To whom we belong our actions declare;

In bondage to ſatan, by ſin are in chains,
And born to inherit vexation and pains.

2 Our ſouls to redeem, and claim for his own,
The Saviour of all, from heaven came down;
In love and compaſſion he died in our place,
To make foul offenders the veſſels of grace.

3 He ſpreads out his hands, invites us to come,
Prepar'd is the feaſt, and *yet there is room:*
His free invitation whoever receives,
He kindly embraces, relieves, and forgives.

4 He takes to his houſe the prodigal poor,
On whom he beſtows a plentiful ſtore;
Removes all his ſorrows, and calls him his own;
And makes him an heir of a ne'er-fading [crown!

5 How happy are they, who born from above,
Adopted and ſav'd, inherit his love:
To thee, *Abba*, *Father*, thy children can ſay;
And with humble boldneſs approach when they pray.

6 The ſpirit of love, of grace and of pray'r,
Abides in their hearts, and witneſs doth bear,
That God hath accepted, the Comforter giv'n,
And richly imparted a foretaſte of heav'n.

7 Great father of all, poor prodigals we
Return to thy houſe, and cry unto thee;
Forgive, and receive us,—in mercy reſtore,
Adopt us thy children to wander no more.

Charity.

[*The two following Hymns were compoſed to be ſung when the Charity Sermon was preached at Bolton, December, 1795, for the Benevolent Society.*]

HYMN XXVI.

1 DISEASE, as floods, without control
O'er all the earth is ſpread;
And ſtreams contagious ever roll
From evil fountains fed.

2 Diſeaſe and fierce calamity
From *ſin* derive their pow'r,
Inflicting various miſery,
On man's uncertain hour.

3 Remorſe invades the human breaſt,
And ſore afflicting pain;
Thouſands who feel the want of reſt,
In bitterneſs complain.

4 The hapleſs widow left forlorn,
Her earthly comforts fled;
Left, with her orphan'd race to mourn
Beneath their humble ſhed.

5 To all the indigent and poor
Whoſe ſorrows crave relief;
Let tender pity deal its ſtore
To mitigate their grief.

6 Benevolence, with bowels kind,
Thou canſt the wretched cheer;
Thoſe objects of compaſſion find,
And wipe the riſing tear.

7 The Lord on our apoſtate race
Diſtributes bleſſings round;
The moſt unworthy ſhare his grace,
And with his gifts abound.

8 O! let us imitate his love
And bleſs the needy poor;
Then from his bounty we ſhall prove
A never failing ſtore.

9 He great rewards hath treaſur'd up
For all his faithful friends;
Friends to the poor, with him ſhall ſup
In life that never ends!

Charity.

HYMN XXVII.

1 COME thou everlaſting Spirit,
All thy tenderneſs impart;
Let us in thy love inherit
Tender ſympathy of heart;
Now inſpire us
With thy charity divine.

2 Tender mercy muſt be pleaſing
In the great Redeemer's eye,
Who to ſave mankind by dying,
Did himſelf for ſinners die!
Let the ranſom'd,
Swell their notes in loudeſt praiſe.

3 Ye who ſhare his dying merit,
And the great ſalvation prove,
Aided by the Holy Spirit,
Imitate his dying love;
Show your mercy
As he mercy ſhow'd to you.

4 All the hoſts above are pleaſed
When mankind his grace receive;
When of all their burdens eaſéd
They in peace and plenty live:
Then in praiſes
All the choirs of angels join.

5 Jeſus Chriſt was poor and needy
Tho' from him all riches flow:
Ever in his mercy ſpeedy
To relieve his creatures' woe!
Ye his ſervants,
Do as he to you hath done.

6 Who with bread the *hungry* feeding,
And the *deſtitute* ſupply,
Shall ere long triumphant riſing,
Enter their great Maſter's joy!
Then the faithful
Shall receive the crown prepar'd.

Hymns to be ſung when a Charity Sermon is preached for the Sunday School.

[*The four firſt lines of the following Hymn is to be ſung by the Children: then the whole choir join in the chorus.*]

HYMN XXVIII.

1 WHEN creatures firſt at God's command
Began to be,—a heav'n-born race;
Form'd by their mighty Maker's hand,
Endow'd with liberty and grace:
Then all was peace, and harmony around,
Innocence with joy was crown'd.

2 The wily ſerpent ſoon beguil'd,
Beguil'd the lovely happy pair!
Heav'n's king no longer on them ſmil'd,
When ſin had marr'd his image fair!
Dire was the fruit, impregnated with death!
Spreading round contagious breath.

3 Earth felt the wound, and trembling ſigh'd,
Bluſhing, the guardian angel fled;
And all the drooping roſes died,
And paradiſe its glories ſhed!
When ſin and death their fatal empire rear'd,
Sullen gloom all round appear'd.

4 The ſinful pair lamenting ſtood,
Anguiſh appear'd in ev'ry breath;
They pour'd their ſorrows like a flood,
Expos'd to ſhame, remorſe, and death!
Now confounded, beneath their burden faint,
Eden hears their ſad complaint.

5 Betray'd by the baſe prince of hell,
Condemn'd to wander to and fro:
And all their offspring with them fell,
Partakers of their curſe and woe.
All creation in bitter groans complain,
Gall'd with ſins afflicting chain.

6 Thus *we*, in nature's guilty night,
Wander'd from God in deſerts wide,
Without a cheering ray of light,
'Till mercy ſent a faithful guide:
Dark, and cheerleſs in nature's mazes ſtray'd,
Where the ſnare of youth was laid.

7 Our faithful guides in labours great
Evince their pity to our youth:
Their wiſe inſtructions ſtill repeat,
To lead us in the paths of truth.
Bleſs their labours, their labours ever bleſs
With the joys of righteouſneſs.

8 The Lord of all himſelf was ſlain,
Was ſlain to ſave the fallen race!
And we may Eden's loſs regain,
By whom we ſhare abounding grace.
Laud and adore the mighty Saviour's name,
Him let all the world proclaim.

9 To us the ſtreams of mercy flow,
Redeem'd by God's eternal ſon!
And we have faithful friends below,
With whom the chriſtian race we run:
Run, to attain the promiſes of grace,
'Till we ſee the Saviour's face.

10 May all our friends who do us good,
Rewards of grace and glory prove;
And waſh'd in Jeſu's cleanſing blood,
Obtain the crown of life above:
There, tranſported, may we all meet again,
And eternal life attain.

Charity.

HYMN XXIX.

1 THE Lord will bleſs, and greatly own,
Their lengthen'd life with mercies crown,
Who lead uncultivated youth
In paths of righteouſneſs and truth.

2 Children and youth from duty ſtray,
To fatal vice an eaſy prey;
Averſe to good, and prone to ill,
Led by a baſe corrupted will.

3 When wand'ring in forbidden ways,
Their ſin increaſes with their days;
And ev'ry ſinful ſtep they take
Conveys them nearer to the *Lake!*

4 To ſave them from impending woe
Benevolence, thy kindneſs ſhow;
Thy gen'rous aid exert betimes,
Ere they grow hard'ned in their crimes.

5 With ſteady perſevering aim,
The wand'ring prodigals reclaim;
And teach the rude untutor'd mind,
The good by Providence deſign'd.

6 When riſing youth the truth receive,
Perſuaded to return and live;
Religion then prevailing ſpreads,
And all around her bleſſings ſheds.

Charity.

HYMN XXX.

1 THE riſing generations ſee,
Of humble birth, and low degree;
Who neither know, nor fear the Lord,
Nor read, nor underſtand his word.

2 Parents, who ſlight their Saviour's grace,
And ſin before their childrens' face;
When they tranſgreſs their Maker's law,
They tread the paths that lead to woe:

3 The children, by example led,
Will in their parents' footſteps tread;
And with their riſing years increaſe
In all the arts of wickedneſs!

4 Great God! thy heav'nly grace impart,
To break the moſt obdurate heart;
The vile tranſgreſſors turn to thee,
From ſin, from ſhame, and infamy.

5 Ye friends of God and man, ariſe,
And bid the ignorant be wiſe;
Your gen'rous aid devoutly lend,
And be to indigence a friend.

6 While mercy ſhines divinely bright,
To chaſe the gloom of nature's night;
Be ev'ry kind inſtruction giv'n,
To lead the riſing youth to heav'n.

7 'Tis thine, *Religion*, to diſpenſe
The meltings of true penitence;
'Tis thine, alone, to cheer and bleſs
With all the joys of righteouſneſs.

HYMN XXXI.

Part 1.

1 LORD, hear our humble pray'r,
And with thy guardian care
Defend and bleſs our tender youth:
O! make us wiſe to know
Thy covenant and law,
Thy law of holineſs and truth.

2 Chaſe all our nature's night,
With beams divinely bright
Till we thy great ſalvation ſee!
Thy ſacred word of grace
We thankfully embrace,
And make our early vows to thee.

3 With penitence ſincere,
Still may we perſevere,
Obedient to thy holy will;
Under thy banner fight,
Upheld by ſov'reign might,
Till we attain thy holy hill.

Part 2.

4 Lord, with thy kind regard
Our faithful friends reward,
Whoſe alms and benefits we prove;
Thy bleſſings on them pour,
In a perpetual ſhower,
And crown the labours of their love.

5 May future ages bleſs,
The ſpread of righteouſneſs,
Begun in our auſpicious day;
Still may the *truth* prevail,
Nor charity e'er fail,
Till all the ranſom'd world *obey*.

Another.

HYMN XXXII.

1 GREAT Parent, tune our hearts to ſing,
While we our grateful tribute bring;
Receive our infant humble lays,
Our early ſacrifice of praiſe.

2 Thy tender care we will adore,
And tell of all thy mercy's ſtore;
Thy providential hand appears,
To bleſs us in our tender years.

3 When ſin's deceitful ſnare was laid,
Which oft our wand'ring feet betray'd;
Thy wiſdom means of ſafety found,
And we eſcape the fatal ground.

4 Our minds to form, and check our pride,
Our feet in wiſdom's ways to guide:
Our kind *Inſtructors* ſhow their care,
By counſel, and by fervent pray'r.

5 Our grateful hearts muſt ever own
Their ſtill continued kindneſs ſhown;
Whoſe unremitting labours prove
Their genuine tenderneſs and love.

6 The *Bounteous* too,—whoſe cheerful ſpeed
Is ſhown, to help in time of need;
Shall ſhare our warmeſt thanks and praiſe,
While fleeting life prolongs our days.

7 Father of all, from thee proceeds
Our friends, and all our ſtation needs;
Thy love, and tender care we ſee
And adoration pay to thee.

8 May all our tranſitory days
In grateful accents ſpeak thy praiſe;
Thy praiſes ſhall inſpire our breath,
And ſwell our ſongs in life and death!

Another.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 WHEN wandering on the mountains wide
In ignorance and vice,
The Lord provided us a guide,
To fix our early choice.

2 We prove thy providential care;
To lead us in the truth:
By thee we ſhun the fatal ſnare,
The peril of our youth.

3 From thee abounding mercy flows,
Thy goodneſs knows no end;
The Lord of all, compaſſion ſhows,
And is himſelf our friend!

4 Our childhood, infancy, and youth,
With benefits abound;
Thy love, thy faithfulneſs, and truth,
Encompaſs us around.

5 With thoſe that fear and love thy name,
We our glad praiſes join;
With them thy wonderous love proclaim,
In hymns and ſongs divine.

6 May all the care of providence
Their life with mercies crown;
Who taught us early penitence,
And made religion known.

7 May we with them in love combin'd
The great ſalvation prove;
And after death each other find
In glorious worlds above!

Thine, O Lord, is the kingdom. Thine is the glory.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 FATHER of endleſs days,
Thee we preſume to praiſe,
Laud and adore:

Our highly favour'd race,
Thou do'ſt delight to bleſs,
With joys of righteouſneſs,
For ever more.

2 When we from Eden fell,
Degen'rate ſons of hell,
Wretched and baſe:
The Lord of Glory came,
(Who bore Immanuel's name)
To ſave from guilt and ſhame,
A ruin'd race!

3 Break forth in loudeſt ſtrains,
Jeſus Meſſiah reigns,
His triumphs raiſe;
Honour his majeſty,
Sing of his victory;
May all eternity
Echo his praiſe.

4 Reign mighty Prince of Peace,
Thy government's increaſe,
Wide ſhall extend:
Come in thy kingdom down,
Let hell's be overthrown,
Make thy ſalvation known,
Never to end.

5 Hail, everlaſting King,
Thy endleſs triumphs ring,
From ſhore to ſhore:
May the whole world proclaim
The mighty Saviour's name,
And ſhout his wond'rous fame,
For ever more.

For Benefactors, at the time of a Collection.

HYMN XXXV.

1 PARENT of Good, thy name we ſing,
To all mankind a friend;
To thee we grateful praiſes bring,
Whoſe mercies never end!
Still in thy tenderneſs and love
Thy bleſſings on us pour;
And let us in thy goodneſs prove
A never ending ſhower.

2 Thy lib'ral hand provides us food,
From thee is all our ſtore;
Thou mov'ſt the *generous* to do good,
And to relieve the poor:
The faithful ſervants of the Lord
Improve their talents well;
And while they view the great reward,
In charities excel.

3 Who freely give ſhall ſtill abound;
No want they e'er ſhall ſee;
Their toils with plenty ſhall be crown'd,
And with felicity:
Mercy and truth their ſteps attend,
Who tender mercy ſhow;
And God himſelf will be their friend,
And cheer their days below.

Another.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 OUR kind *inſtructors* daily bleſs
With all the joys of righteouſneſs;
And may the labour of their love
Receive its great reward above.

2 The lib'ral man, who makes the poor
Rejoice, to ſhare his earthly ſtore;
Shall find the Lord, in time of need
To own, and bleſs his gen'rous deed.

3 Mercy will own, who mercy ſhow,
With plenty make their cup o'erflow:
May bleſſings on their heads deſcend,
And crown with joys that never end.

Another.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 ETERNAL Father, deign to bleſs
Our benefactors with thy grace;
Accept the pray'r we make to thee
—Send ev'ry friend proſperity.

2 May all the care of providence
From evil be their great defence;
Whate'er is beſt may they receive,
And ſhare rewards in all they give.

3 Let peace with all her train deſcend,
And all their ſteps thro' life attend;
Immortal joys their portion be,
In time, and in eternity.

Another.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 ACcept, O Lord, our humble praiſe,
Which now in gratitude we raiſe,
And thee in ſongs adore;
'Tis thou that mov'ſt the gen'rous mind,
To ſcatter bounty unconfin'd,
On thoſe that need their ſtore.

2 Our friends and benefactors ſpare,
The objects of thy tender care,
Thy mercy and thy love;
With precious treaſure fill their cup,
And then, triumphant, raiſe them up
To brighter worlds above.

HYMN XXXIX.

1 CEleſtial virtue, Charity,
Bleſſings are multiplied in thee;
Propitious heav'n in ſmiles looks down,
Approving all thy fair renown.

2 Unfading glory is prepar'd,
And crowns, thy bounties to reward;
Celeſtial ſweetneſs dwells in thee,
Diffuſing peace and amity.

For the Lord's Day.

HYMN XL.

1 LET ſounds of joy and gladneſs crown the day,
And ſaints unite their humble vows to pay;
Let all around their cheerful tribute bring,
And in loud praiſe the Lord of ſabbath ſing.

2 This is the day in which the Saviour roſe,
In mighty triumph o'er his vanquiſh'd foes:
He roſe, that we from ſin and death might riſe,
To life immortal in the bliſsful ſkies!

3 On this glad day the ſaints with one accord
Early aſſembled to adore their Lord;
To tell his love to our redeemed race,
And join in worſhip at his throne of grace.

4 This is the day that God hath ſet apart,
That we might ſerve him with a willing heart;
To yield him thanks, and worſhip in his fear,
And yield to him our ſervices ſincere.

5 The Lord regards his own appointed day,
And meets his people who devoutly pray;
He ſpreads a table—feeds the hungry poor,
And all are welcome to his gracious ſtore.

6 Shall we his grace, and gracious call refuſe?
And all his love, and tender care abuſe?
O Lord, forbid!—thy courts we'll tread with joy,
And in thy ſervice our beſt pow'rs employ.

HYMN XLI.

1 SOURCE of everlaſting love,
Lord of all creation thou;
Seated on thy throne above,
Thou regardeſt all below:
All that live on thee depend,
Source of being without end.

2 How ſhall ſuch a worm as I,
Vile, and ignorant, and baſe,
Stand before the Lord moſt high,
Or approach his holy place:
Aid me, Jeſu, ſinner's friend,
While before the throne I bend.

3 In thy name alone I plead,
Plead the merit of thy blood;
Thou my debt haſt fully paid,
By thy ſacrifice to God;
Let my ſins be all forgiv'n,
Save, and make me meet for heav'n.

Beware of vain Pleaſures.

HYMN XLII.

1 'MIDST alluring ſnares I wander,
Where the ſyren's voice I hear;
Pleaſure, fame, and earthly grandeur,
In attractive charms appear:
'Riſe, my ſoul, make haſte away,
'Though the tempter bid thee ſtay;
Turn thine eyes, thy heart command,
And eſcape this fatal land.

2 Darkneſs, death, and deſolation,
Tend the paths of vain delight;
Fear, diſtreſs, and ſore vexation,
Leading to eternal night!
While the ſons of pleaſure glide
Down the ſoft deceitful tide;
Sudden guſts, and ſtorms appear,
And they ſink in wild deſpair!

3 Wiſdom's ways are peaceful, pleaſant,
Leading to eternal day;
Wiſdom's joys are ſo tranſcendent,
Here I'll ſing my life away!
Then my Lord will bid me riſe
Far above the earth and ſkies;
Riſe to glorious worlds above,
There to ſing, adore, and love!

Tune—Mary's Lamentation, Queen of Scots.

The Lamentation of a Sinner.

HYMN XLIII.

1 YE regions of ſorrow and pain,
To eaſe and enjoyment a foe;
Your flattering pleaſures are vain,
Your joy is a prelude to woe:
The paths where ſweet roſes appear,
Are ſtrangely beſet with the thorn;
My hopes are afflicted with fear,
And reſtleſs, I wander forlorn.

2 Amidſt the careſſes of life,
By love and ambition betray'd;
Then pain, diſappointment, and ſtrife,
Purſu'd me wherever I ſtray'd:
Sincere are my envious foes,
Who ſeek all my peace to deſtroy;
My cup is a mixture of woes,
Imbitter'd is every joy!

3 Sweet innocence, how art thou fled,
Thy pleaſures no longer I ſee;
Thy charms are all wither'd and dead,
Or, wither'd and dead unto me!
Oh! where can I look for relief?—
It only can come from above;
O! come, and aſſuage all my grief,
And bleſs me with heavenly love.

HYMN XLIV.

1 VAIN deceitful joys, adieu,
And falſe beguiling pleaſure,
Joys eternal, I purſue,
My everlaſting treaſure:
Fleeting charms awhile pervade,
When in luſtre vying,
But the faireſt roſes fade,
Languiſhing and dying!

2 Earthly joys like Luna, pale,
Fickle, and declining,
Still the dreary clouds prevail,
And darkneſs and complaining!

Life is ever rolling down,
Rapid as a river,
Flows to oceans yet unknown,
Mingling there for ever.

3 Thou, that canſt the tide control,
And the fever burning,
Heal my ſore afflicted ſoul,
To Jeſu's arms returning;
While the haſty moments fly,
Mercy's ſtore be given;
Then let nature's glory die,
Mine—ſhall riſe in heaven!

[*The following Hymn was made to be ſung by* CHILDREN, *at the Funeral of* JOHN LOWE, *a pious young man, and a Teacher in the* SUNDAY SCHOOL *at* BOLTON.]

HYMN XLV.

1 GLORY to thy name be given,
Lord of all in earth and heav'n:
Thine we are, and life or death
Iſſues from thy ſov'reign breath.

2 We, in humble thanks adore
Thee, for all thy mercies ſtore,
Who our brother hath ſet free
From his pain and miſery.

3 From an evil world of ſtrife,
From the galling yoke of life,
From this toiling ſtate below,
From the reach f ev'ry foe.

4 Ere his ſun had reach'd its noon,
He the chriſtian race had run;
Call'd in nature's early prime,
To a bright celeſtial clime.

5 There, no ſorrow ſhall moleſt,
Nor a ſigh diſturb his breaſt;
There, he gains a bliſsful ſeat,
Finds his happineſs complete.

6 Joining with the hoſts above,
He with them ſhall praiſe and love;
Tell of Jeſu's cleanſing blood,
How thro' this they came to God.

7 O! eternity thy ſway,
Thou haſt one eternal day:
There, the crown ſo freely giv'n,
He ſhall ever wear in heav'n.

8 Ye who knew and lov'd him—riſe,
Haſte to graſp the glorious prize;
He (o'er whom we drop a tear)
Soon ſhall hail you welcome there.

9 Let us then, our time improve,
Conquer by redeeming love;
Preſs, celeſtial joys to ſhare,
'Till we meet our brother there.

On Death.

HYMN XLVI.

Part 1.

1 THOU mighty monarch, *Death*,
To thee we all muſt bend;
Muſt yield this momentary breath,
And to thy realms deſcend.

2 The king muſt quit his crown;
The mighty warrior bow;
The gay, the proud, and vain, muſt own
Death conquers all below!

3 The wiſeſt, and the great,
The poor, and toiling race,
In death's domain together meet,
Held in his faſt embrace.

4 I too, muſt feel his pow'r,
And quit what I have lov'd;
Muſt paſs his ſhades in that dread hour,
And be from earth remov'd.

HYMN XLVII.

Part 2.

5 GREAT God!—it is in thee
That life and death depend;
From thee we firſt began to be,
Uncertain is our end.

6 I may, for ought I know,
This hour the ſummons hear,
That bids me paſs the vale of woe,
And with the dead appear!

7 The infant, youth, and ſage,
Or wither'd, or in bloom;
In ſolemn ſilence quit the ſtage,
And ſlide into the tomb!

8 What is it then to die?
To die—is to depart:
The ſoul to unknown regions fly,
And leave the mortal part.

9 The mortal part muſt be
Corruption's fatal prey;
The ſoul in ſpacious liberty,
Shall wing the untried way!

10 To die—is to appear
Before the judge of all;
Acquitted by his ſentence there,
Or—by his vengeance fall!

11 O! Lord my ſoul prepare,
For the approaching doom:
May all my future life be pray'r,
Then gently bid me come.

Another.

HYMN XLVIII.

1 HOW rapid my moments in flight,
That bring the laſt meſſenger near;
My day is approaching to night,
And ah! the dread night that I fear!

And am I to give an account
To him, who my ſins will ſurvey?
Great God—when I view the amount,
How ſhall I appear in that day?

2 When I my laſt exit ſhall make,
Immerging from time in my flight;
My ſoul in eternity 'wake,
Amaz'd, and as active as light!
Shall I with the heavenly hoſt,
In glory and happineſs dwell?
Or—wreck'd on the horrible coaſt,
Sink down to the regions of hell!

3 To thee, my Redeemer, I flee,
To hide from the terrible doom;
Salvation for ſinners is free,
And, "Yet," O my God—"there is room:"
My moment of time I'll improve,
And ſeize the fair offer of grace;
Obey the loud call from above,
And claim my celeſtial place.

On the Paſſion and Death of CHRIST.

HYMN XLIX.

1 I SING the bloody tree;
The Lord was crucified;
He ſuffer'd, groan'd, and bled for me;
For me, the Saviour died!

2 His ſpotleſs life I view,
Employ'd in doing good;
While murd'rous hate his ſteps purſue,
To ſhed his precious blood.

3 In agonies unknown,
He bears our curſe and pains;
The bloody ſweat runs ſtreaming down,
And all his raiment ſtains!

4 My ſins on him were laid,
The vengeance due takes place;
Our great High Prieſt atonement made
For all the human race!

5 Hark! the expiring groan,
He faints beneath his load;
With pond'rous ſorrows not his own,
Dies the incarnate God!

6 Behold! the Lamb of God,
That takes our ſins away;
Behold him, bath'd in his own blood
The full demand to pay!

7 The father reconcil'd,
Invites us to draw near:
And mercy on our race hath ſmil'd,
To chaſe the gloom of fear.

On the Reſurrection of CHRIST.

HYMN L.

1 RISEN he is, our dying Lord,
On this triumphant day;
And to his weeping friends reſtor'd,
To chaſe their fears away:

The mighty conqueror awakes,
To ſet the captives free;
The thrones of death and hell he ſhakes,
In his great victory!

2 The riſing God his right maintains,
O'er all he reigns complete;
Sin, death, and hell, he holds in chains,
And treads beneath his feet:
His humble followers, with their tears,
Embalm'd his precious clay;
He's ris'n indeed, and now appears,
To wipe their tears away.

3 Incarnate God, we worſhip thee,
Thy love and praiſe proclaim;
By thy own pow'r and victory,
A reſurrection came:
Our mortal bodies now ſhall riſe,
Immortal we ſhall be;
We ſhall be chang'd, and mount the ſkies,
And all thy glory ſee.

On the general Reſurrection.

HYMN LI.

1 HARK!—the angel's trumpet ſounding
Thro' the air, and earth, and ſky;
Nature in her pangs abounding,
While the graves aſſunder fly:
Hallelujah,
Glory to the Lord on high.

2 Time has reach'd his lateſt hour,
Lo! the world is on a flame,
And the dead, by ſov'reign power,
Now awake to joy—or ſhame!
All ariſing,
Shall Jehovah's might proclaim.

3 With what joyful acclamation
Shall the ſaints behold their king;
Ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry nation,
To his throne their tribute bring;
Loud hoſannahs
Now the ranſom'd nations ſing.

4 See the ſons of darkneſs riſing,
Who prefer'd their ſin and ſloth;
Who the law of God deſpiſing,
Set at nought this day of wrath;
Now deſpairing,
Anguiſh ſwells their every breath!

Judgment.

HYMN LII.

1 THE great tremendous day is come!
When all mankind ſhall meet their doom;
The trumpet ſounds, the judge is near,
And, riſing, all mankind appear.

2 In glory clad, with robes of light,
Supreme in majeſty and might;
The ſov'reign judge his throne aſcends,
And every knee before him bends!

3 The blazing earth, and melting ſky,
In haſte at his appearance fly;
While at his throne all nations ſtand,
And trembling wait the great command!

4 Rejoice and ſhout ye ranſom'd race,
See, ſee with joy your Saviour's face;
The crucified approves his own,
And ſmiling, bids you wear the crown.

5 The ſinners ſink in wild deſpair,
Torn with remorſe, and guilty fear:
The day of his fierce wrath is come,
And judgment ſeals their dreadful doom.

6 Juſtice inflexible appears,
And vengeance claims her full arrears:
The Judge, in all his vengeful ire,
The guilty dooms to endleſs fire!

Hell.

HYMN LIII.

1 BEYOND the grave there is a hell,
With ev'ry terror fraught;
Where ſinners muſt for ever dwell,
Who mercy ſet at nought.

2 There, doom'd to flames and torments dire,
Bound with relentleſs chains,
Confin'd in the abyſs of fire
To ſuffer endleſs pains?

3 The reſtleſs mind in vigour ſtrong,
Upheld, to bear its load;
Tormented with the helliſh throng,
Who loud blaſpheme their God.

4 The gnawing worm that never dies,
Fear, rage, deſpair, and hate;
Dire wailings, and lamenting cries,
Attend their dreadful ſtate.

5 The loſs of bliſs—who can ſuſtain?
Or meet God's vengeful ire?
Or bear the ſhock of raging pain,
And everlaſting fire!

6 Flee, ſinners, flee this hated place,
God wills that you ſhould live;
While mercy offers life and grace,
The precious gifts receive.

Heaven.

HYMN LIV.

1 CITY of God, what tongue can tell
The glories found in thee!
Where holy ſaints for ever dwell
In perfect unity.

2 There reigns the Lord, our righteouſneſs,
In majeſty and love;
And ſhews the glories of his face
To all the bleſs'd above.

3 The faithful, who endur'd the croſs,
'Till all their foes were ſlain,
And for his ſake bore pain and loſs,
With him ſhall ever reign.

4 There ſaints and angels all combine
To praiſe and to adore;
And prove the fellowſhip divine,
Where parting is no more.

HYMN LV.

Part 1.

1 CITY of God, when ſhall it be
That I ſhall thee attain?
And all thy dazzling glories ſee
For ever free from pain!

2 When ſhall I kiſs his lovely feet,
Who bought me with his blood?
And all my dear companions meet
Before the throne of God?

3 When ſhall I hear the hoſts above
Unite in ſongs of praiſe?
And vie to ſing redeeming love
In wonder and amaze!

4 When ſhall mine eyes Jehovah view,
In the Redeemer's face?
Tranſported with the pleaſures new,
The glory and the grace!

HYMN LVI.

Part 2.

1 FOUNTAIN of bliſs to all above,
The ſource of all their ſtore;
Thy pleaſant ſtreams when ſhall I prove,
And drink for ever more?

2 Rais'd to partake enjoyments there,
Which all our thoughts tranſcend;
We ſhall the vaſt fruition ſhare,
In joys that never end!

3 Lift up your heads ye faithful few,
The great reward is near;
When glory ſhall deſcend on you,
And *Chriſt, your life appear:*

4 Whoſe gentle voice ſhall bid you riſe,
Eternal life to ſhare;
Enter his joy, obtain the prize,
And crowns of glory wear!

The Pilgrimage to the City of God.

HYMN LVII.

Part 1.

1 WE'RE ſtrangers here, returning home,
To glorious worlds above;
Tranſported with immortal views,
We haſte the joy to prove.

2 O'er dying friends, departed hence,
We dropp'd a parting tear;
They paſs'd thro' death to endleſs reſt,
We ſoon ſhall find them there.

3 Ye tempting paths, that lead to ſin,
We bid you all adieu;
And partners of our vain delights,
We join no more with you.

4 To lands where unknown pleaſure flows,
The gracious call we hear;
The call we thankfully obey,
And ſeek the bliſs to ſhare.

5 We follow thro' the wilderneſs,
The pilgrims gone before;
And on the mountain's ſummit view,
The bright celeſtial ſhore!

HYMN LVIII.

Part 2.

6 WE ſoon ſhall reach the deſtin'd hour
That ends our toil and ſtrife;
Then paſs old Jordan's ſwelling ſtreams,
And breathe immortal life.

7 Our place already is prepar'd,
And Jeſus bids us come,
To ſhare his own tranſcendent joy!
In our eternal home.

8 The church triumphant we ſhall join,
With them our triumphs raiſe;
The King in all his beauty ſee,
And on his glories gaze.

9 There, all the happy pilgrims meet,
Around the throne above;
And in unbounded burſts of praiſe,
Extol redeeming love,

HYMN LIX.

1 COMPANIONS divinely inclin'd
The city of God to attain;
United in heart and in mind,
We ſoon ſhall the victory gain;
Tho' fiercely the foe may aſſail,
And perilous dangers abound;
The Lord with his might ſhall prevail,
And angels will guard us around.

2 The glitter that wealth can beſtow,
And pleaſures deceitful and vain,
Your joys we devoutly forego,
The hope of our calling to gain;
While in this low region confin'd,
We long the enjoyment to prove;
Yet wait for the meſſage reſign'd,
That calls us to manſions above!

3 'Tis there we ſhall ſee his bright face,
Who ſuffer'd for us, and was ſlain;
There pilgrims will ſweetly embrace,
And never be parted again!
Thou friend of the pilgrim, and mine,
Preſerve 'till that happieſt day,
Whom I to thy mercy reſign,
To ſhare what thy love ſhall diſplay!

On Faith in God.

HYMN LX.

1 THE Father, who hath all things made,
Who was, and is, and ſtill ſhall be;
(While nature and creation fade)
The ſame thro' all eternity!

2 In him devoutly I believe,
And own his providence and grace;
His word I cheerfully receive;
But who his wond'rous ſteps can trace?

3 In God the Son I will confide,
Jehovah with Jehovah he;
Who took our nature, liv'd and dy'd
To ſet rebellious ſinners free!

4 In God the Holy Ghoſt I truſt,
Whoſe gracious works are numberleſs;
Who ever was, and ever muſt
Exiſt, a ranſom'd world to bleſs.

5 Hail! great myſterious Deity,
Fountain of light, and life, and love;
Inexplicable ONE IN THREE,
Ador'd by all the hoſts above!

6 To thee I bend, in thee confide;
Thy faithful word ſhall ſtand ſecure!
Thy truth is fix'd and ſhall abide,
While endleſs ages ſhall endure!

The Truth and Faithfulneſs of God.

HYMN LXI.

1 LET nature to her centre ſhake,
And from her order turn aſide;
Let ſtars the firmament forſake;—
Yet ſtill in God will I confide:
Firm as himſelf his word of grace;
His truth is permanent and ſure;
His promiſes he'll ne'er eraſe,
Which all my blooming hopes ſecure.

2 Thy love and faithfulneſs I ſing,
While in this deſert land I roam;
Upheld by thee, I'll ſtretch my wing,
And try to reach my native home.
O when ſhall I ſalute the day
That lifts me up to thine abode?
From ſin and grief be call'd away,
To dwell for ever with my God!

The Covenant of Grace.

HYMN LXII.

1 A Sinner, Lord, to thee I turn,
The chief of all the human race;
My follies and my ſins I mourn,
And trembling bow before thy face:
To thee a criminal I flee,
Thou Lamb of God, for ſinners ſlain;
Thy blood, incarnate Deity,
Can cleanſe the fouleſt guilty ſtain.

2 Jeſus, to thee my vow I make,
Depending on thy gracious aid;
I come the covenant to take,
The covenant for ſinners made:
I yield to thee my heart and mind,
And all thy righteous laws approve;
Me to thyſelf for ever bind,
In bands of never-failing love.

3 Myſelf and reſidue of days
A humble ſacrifice ſhall be:
Accept the tribute of my praiſe,
Preſented, O my God, to thee:
A token of thy grace impart,
And ſeal this covenant of love;
Thy law engrave upon my heart,
And regiſter my name above.

Another.

For thoſe who are joined in Chriſtian Fellowſhip.

HYMN LXIII.

1 ETernal Sire, Jehovah thou,
Myſterious undivided THREE:
We dedicate, by ſolemn vow,
Ourſelves, and all we have, to thee:
We truſt in thine almighty aid,
Our only plea the Saviour's name;
His blood hath full atonement made,
By which the covenant we claim.

2 United in one heart and mind,
The joys of fellowſhip we prove;
Our ſouls in firmeſt union bind,
In a perpetual bond of love:
We yield devoutly to thy will,
Thy will we thankfully adore;
The gracious covenant fulfil,
And be our God for ever more.

3 Almighty Saviour, prince of peace,
Our friend and advocate above;
Thy kingdom come, its joys increaſe;
And fill us with thy perfect love:
Mighty to ſave, pronounce the word,
And bid us thy ſalvation ſee;
Appear, and we ſhall be reſtor'd
To everlaſting life in thee!

Praiſe to the Deity.

HYMN LXIV.

1 SUPREME eternal Deity,
We laud, adore, and worſhip thee:
Thy throne approach with ſolemn lays,
In ſounds of gratitude and praiſe.

2 TO HIM, by whoſe redeeming blood,
We now are made the ſons of God;
Be everlaſting praiſes giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

3 Amazing love! how can it be,
That man ſhould covenant with thee;
That man to vanity ſo prone,
Should ſhare thine everlaſting throne!

4 Hail, Father,—and eternal Son;
And Spirit equal,—Three in One!
Profound,—myſterious,—Trinity!
All adoration be to thee.

5 Ye ſaints, your hearts and voices raiſe,
In ſwelling ſounds of lofty praiſe:
May all that breathe the ſound prolong,
And join the univerſal ſong.

6 When time, and death ſhall be no more,
The Deity we'll ſtill adore;
In endleſs ſtrains for ever praiſe,
The Lord of everlaſting days.

Redemption.

HYMN LXV.

1 FAST bound in ſin and ſatan's chain,
Condemn'd to pain and woe;
'Till full redemption we attain,
And freedom from the foe.

2 *Redemption*—let the ſacred ſound
Extend to all mankind;
In this, a remedy is found
To heal the human mind.

3 Good will appears to wretched man,
And peace is made with heav'n;
Redeeming love's myſterious plan,
Speaks all our ſins forgiv'n!

4 Redeemer, all our grateful ſongs
Shall tune thy ſacred name;
To thee ſublimeſt praiſe belongs,
By whom redemption came.

5 With one accord the heavenly choirs,
Their tuneful voices raiſe;
Redemption, all their ſongs inſpires,
And ſwells their notes of praiſe!

6 Let earth the grateful ſound prolong,
The grateful ſound repeat;
Redemption ſhall be all our ſong,
When glory is complete.

HYMN LXVI.

1 TO thee, our hearts we raiſe,
Our everlaſting King;
And in a ſtrain of grateful praiſe
Preſume thy name to ſing.

2 Eternal Deity,
Incomprehenſible;
Thy mercies wide extend to me,
And all creation fill!

3 Not one of all our race
Haſt thou ordain'd to die;
Unbounded love, unbounded grace,
Proclaim ſalvation nigh.

4 Redemption knows no bound,
For *all* the Saviour died;
And God himſelf becomes our friend,
Thro' Jeſu's blood applied.

5 Already is prepar'd
The feaſt—and there is room;
We all may ſhare the great reward,
The Saviour bids us come.

6 Thy call we now receive,
And yield our hearts to thee;
Within thy houſe of pray'r to live
Till we thy glory ſee.

Thy Kingdom come.

HYMN LXVII.

1 HAIL! thou univerſal Saviour,
Thine it is the world to bleſs;
Spread the knowledge of thy favour,
Fill the earth with righteouſneſs;
In thy kingdom,
Reign, Meſſiah, Prince of Peace.

2 By thy blood and dying merit,
By thy triumph over hell;
By thy ſanctifying ſpirit,
Now the covenant reveal;
Let thy kingdom,
Over all the earth prevail.

3 We with ſaints and angels vying,
Sing the great ſalvation nigh;

Hear

Hear us at thy footſtool crying,
Come, thou life of all our joy!
By thy ſpirit,
Write thy law in ev'ry heart.

4 Hail! victorious King of Glory,
Make the tyrant feel his chain;
Let the ranſom'd world adore thee,
And their Eden's loſs regain:
Great Redeemer,
Now begin thy glorious reign.

HYMN LXVIII.

1 YOUR lofty themes ye mortals try,
Salvation's joyful ſound proclaim;
In ſongs of praiſe divinely vie,
And ſhout the great Redeemer's name:
In ev'ry land begin the ſong,
To ev'ry land the ſtrains belong,
In cheerful ſounds your voices raiſe,
And fill the world with loudeſt praiſe.

2 Let all that breathe the Lord confeſs,
And ev'ry knee before him bend;
Declare his truth and righteouſneſs,
In grateful ſongs that ne'er ſhall end.
He comes, he comes, the ſigns appear,
That ſpeak his gracious kingdom near;
All nations ſhall his glory ſee,
And ſhout his final victory!

To be ſung before the Sermon.

HYMN LXIX.

1 IN boundleſs mercy gracious Lord appear,
Darkneſs diſpel, the humble mourner cheer:
Vain thoughts remove, melt down the flinty heart;
Draw ev'ry one to chuſe the better part.

2 O let thy word pierce ev'ry guilty ſoul,
And all the pow'r of nature's tide control;
Our ſins forgive, and cleanſe our ev'ry ſtain,
And now begin in every heart to reign.

3 Jeſus, Redeemer, everlaſting King,
Thy dying love, and victory we ſing;
O! viſit us with all thy gracious ſtore,
Fill ev'ry ſoul, and never leave us more.

Another.

HYMN LXX.

1 WIDE as the world, O Lord, thy mercies are,
To all extends thy providential care;
Thy grace, abounding as the flowing tide,
For all is free—for all the Saviour died.

2 We claim thy promiſe, while aſſembled here;
Thou in the midſt, O! King of Kings, appear;
We are thy purchaſe, claim us for thine own,
And make us heirs of thine eternal throne.

3 Let thy ſalvation as the ocean roll,
Cover the earth, and ſpread from pole to pole:
On all mankind with beams of mercy ſhine,
And claim the world, the ranſom'd world for thine.

Another.

HYMN LXXI.

1 THE Lord Meſſiah reigns above the ſky,
The Prince of Peace aſcended up on high;
He gifts receiv'd for our rebellious race,
Abounding gifts of mercy and of grace!

2 Thy ſpirit pour in ſtreams of mercy down,
To dying ſinners make thy goodneſs known;
O! may they live to prove thy gracious ſtore,
To thee return, and never wander more.

3 Thine arm reveal, and manifeſt thy pow'r;
We conſecrate to thee this ſolemn hour;
The contrite mourner with thy mercy cheer,
And by thy love diſpel the gloom of fear.

Another.

HYMN LXXII.

1 CELESTIAL Comforter appear,
The humble contrite heart to cheer;
With healing in thy wings ariſe,
And chaſe the darkneſs from our eyes.

2 Diffuſe thine inexhauſted ſtore,
And with thy gifts enrich the poor;
The gift of endleſs life impart,
To ev'ry true believing heart.

3 Thy mighty energy diſplay,
And turn our darkneſs into day;
May all within this ſacred place
Receive the viſits of thy grace.

Sung at the opening of the new Chapel at Bury.

HYMN LXXIII.

1 LORD, of all, who reign'ſt above,
God of power, and God of love;
We thy gracious aid implore,
Thee to worſhip and adore.

2 Who a place can build for thee,
To contain the Deity?
Thou, with thy unbounded grace,
Fill'ſt the univerſal ſpace.

3 O'er thy works thy mercies are,
Ev'ry creature is thy care;
Sov'reign Lord of earth and ſky,
Thou to all art ever nigh.

4 Through thy well-beloved Son,
Rivers of ſalvation run;
Run in living ſtreams for all,
Who on thee for mercy call.

5 With a kind propitious eye,
See us at thy footſtool lie;
Hear us while to thee we bend,
And a peaceful anſwer ſend.

6 Let our humble ſacrifice
To thy throne accepted riſe;
This devoted fabrick we
Conſecrate, O Lord, to thee.

7 Give a token of thy grace
In this dedicated place;
Merciful and gracious Lord,
Here—thy ſacred name record.

8 Let the fire of love deſcend,
While before thy throne we bend;
While our pray'rs aſcend the ſkies
Let the cloud of glory riſe.

9 May thy word, thy word of grace,
In this conſecrated place;
Prove an inſtrument for good,
Daily bringing ſouls to God.

---

ung at the opening of the Chapel at Plymouth.

HYMN LXXIV.

THE tribes to Salem's temple came,
Where God recorded his great name;
The houſe of ſolemn praiſe and pray'r,
The place of his peculiar care.

2 Sov'reign of all, great Deity,
This houſe, we conſecrate to thee;
Accept our humble ſacrifice,
And bid the cloud of glory riſe.

3 In honour of our Prieſt above
Record thy name—"The God of love:"
Fix in this houſe thy throne of grace,
And dwell in this devoted place.

4 The goſpel word vouchſafe to bleſs,
And give thy miniſters ſucceſs;
May thouſands in this hallow'd place,
Receive the viſits of thy grace.

5 May thouſands and ten thouſands prove
The joys of penitence and love;
With ſacred awe their voices raiſe
In ſolemn worſhip, pray'r, and praiſe.

6 Thine enſign in the nations raiſe,
Till all the world reſound thy praiſe;
Thy ſervants clothe with mighty grace,
And pour thy love on all our race.

Longing for Redemption.

HYMN LXXV.

1 FOR thee, my Redeemer, I languiſh
pine,
Diſtreſs'd I ſhall wander till Jeſus be min
I faint with deſire, O! when ſhall I prov
The joys of redemption, redemption and l

The world's brighteſt treaſure for thee I
diſdain,
Thou only, my Saviour, canſt eaſe all my pain;
All earthly devices that vainly I try,
Increaſe but my ſorrow, *for Jeſus I die!*

Redemption eternal I aſk in thy name,
The price is accepted, the purchaſe I claim;
O! hear my petition, and bid me ariſe,
To ſhare the ſalvation that reaches the ſkies!

Thy name & thy nature engrave on my heart,
Thy treaſures of mercy abundant impart;
All evil aboliſh, my nature ſubdue,
And after thy likeneſs my ſpirit renew.

Then fly ye ſwift moments and bear me away,
The King in his beauty to ſee in that day;
Whoſe beauty and glories for ever ſhall ſhine,
'Tis he! the Redeemer—eternally mine!

A Prayer for Purity.

HYMN LXXVI.

JESU hear, to thee I cry,
Bring thy great ſalvation nigh;
By thy paſſion on the tree,
Make me meet to follow thee.

With thy bright refining fire,
Purge my ſoul from baſe deſire:
Cleanſe and purify my heart,
Cleanſe me, Lord, in ev'ry part.

Let my darling ſin be ſlain,
Nor one root of ill remain;

All my nature's baſeneſs cure,
Make thy earthly temple pure.

4 Bend me to thy ſov'reign will,
I would all thy mind fulfil;
Live, and die alone for thee,
Who haſt liv'd and dy'd for me!

5 Look in pity from above,
Shed thine own divineſt love;
All my panting breaſt inſpire,
With thy life-reſtoring fire.

6 Wiſdom, meekneſs, pow'r, impart;
With thy treaſure fill my heart:
Give the grace I now implore,
Bid me riſe and ſin no more.

A Prayer.

HYMN LXXVII.

1 FATHER of all, who reign'ſt above,
Enthron'd in majeſty and love;
Thou hear'ſt thy needy creatures cry,
And mercy meet'ſt the lifted eye!
Thy kind compaſſions wide extend,
Unmeaſur'd lengths that know no end!

2 In all my pilgrimage below,
Thy mercy to thy ſervant ſhow;
While in this weary deſert land,
Defend, and guide me by thy hand:

If nature from thy paths would ſtray,
Reſtrain me from the crooked way.

3 When ſnares beſet me all around,
And dangers ſpread the faithleſs ground;
Then manifeſt a father's care,
And ſave me from the fatal ſnare:
Unſhaken may I ever ſtand,
Upheld by thine Almighty hand.

Another.

HYMN LXXVIII.

1 WITH devotion's kindling fire,
At the throne of grace I bow;
Lord, to thee, with ſtrong deſire,
I look up for mercy now;
Now with longing expectation,
I my all to thee ſubmit;
Let me prove thy great ſalvation,
While I worſhip at thy feet.

2 In the day of tribulation,
If my ſpan extend to age;
Hear my earneſt ſupplication,
Guide my ſteps through ev'ry ſtage:
Govern by thy wiſe direction,
All my thoughts, and all my ways;
Be thou ſtill my kind protection,
Till in peace I end my days.

A lively Senſe of the Goodneſs of God.

HYMN LXXIX.

1 FROM thee, my God, I long did ſtray,
To vice and ignorance a prey:
At length thy call I heard—and prove
The joys of thy reſtoring love.

2 And can I doubt his tender care,
Who ſnatch'd me from the fatal ſnare?
Or, can I from that love depart,
Which brought ſalvation to my heart?

3 Should all the joys that tempt the ſenſe,
And hell combine, to draw me hence;
I ſtill ſhall ſtand in Jeſu's might,
And put the tempting foe to flight.

4 While life ſhall animate this frame,
I'll ſing my great Deliv'rer's name;
And with my lateſt breath declare
His love, and providential care.

Time and Eternity.

HYMN LXXX.

1 TIME is ever on the wing,
Gliding unperceiv'd away;
Mortals feel the truth I ſing—
Life is but a tranſient day:
Like the verdant with'ring graſs,
Or the early fading flower,
All the generations paſs,
Bloom and wither in an hour!

2 Rolling years like waters glide,
Ever running to the main;
In the ocean's boſom hide,
Never to return again!
Thus through life *we* paſs away,
(Like the paſſing waters free)
Never in our paſſage ſtay,
Till we reach eternity!

On New-year's Day.

HYMN LXXXI.

1 MY gliding years how ſwift they fly,
And bring my diſſolution nigh;
The meteor's ſhort uncertain blaze
Bears fit reſemblance of my days!

2 Another,—with the years before
Is gone, and ſhall return no more!
Thus, like a tale of ſorrow, they
Appear, complain, and paſs away!

3 Our life a tranſient airy dream,
A bubble, floating on the ſtream,
That breaks at ev'ry breath unkind,
Nor leaves a ſingle trace behind!

4 In anxious toil we daily riſe,
Renew the chaſe to ſeize the prize;
The bliſs we ſeek is abſent ſtill,
And like a ſhade eludes our will.

5 Though fading as the tender flow'r,
We ſpend in vain the doubtful hour;

Like toiling inſects in the air,
That flutter, ſwarm, and diſappear!

6 Thou, God, of endleſs years the ſame,
Thine eye ſurveys our feeble frame;
We are but duſt and fleeting breath,
Our life a ſpan to nature's death!

7 Why, mortal man, why all this ſtrife
For joys more fleeting than thy life?
On life's important point, depend
The joys, or pains, that never end!

8 When all my follies I recount,
I tremble at the great amount!
In judgment think on mercy, Lord,
And ſtill thy ſparing grace afford.

9 Jeſus, the great redeeming God,
Prevails by his atoning blood:
And now another year I ſee,
And mercy ſtill extends to me!

10 To thee, my God, my voice I'll raiſe,
In humble ſongs record thy praiſe,
While I ſurvey thy gracious ſtore,
My heart with gratitude runs o'er!

11 Let goodneſs crown the riſing year,
From all my debt of ſin ſet clear?
My ſoul from ev'ry evil free,
That I may live alone for thee.

12 Awake, O Lord, my drowſy pow'r
To ſeize the preſent fleeting hour;
Redeem each moment in its flight,
Till life ſhall cloſe in ſhades of night.

13 Then, when this mortal race is run,
The work complete, the battle won,
With thee, my God, may I appear,
And hail the great ſabbatic year!

On Chriſtmas Day.

HYMN LXXXII.

1 AWAKE my harp, my lute, and cheerful voice;
Ye people all in ſongs of praiſe rejoice;
On this glad morn, to chaſe the gloomy night,
The Star of Jacob roſe divinely bright!

2 Behold! he comes—Meſſiah from above,
Comes to perform the mighty acts of love;
A virgin pure, of Abraham's favor'd race,
Brings forth the ſeed deſign'd the world to bleſs!

3 A child is born, to us a ſon is given;
In mortal fleſh appears the God of heaven!
Humbly he ſtoops to this polluted earth,
Diffuſing gladneſs in his wond'rous birth.

4 Angelic legions hail'd the natal day,
While their Creator in a manger lay;
Amazing love! what wonders here combine,
To manhood ſtoops the majeſty divine!

5 Ye captive ſlaves to ſin and hell a prey,
Lift up your heads, let gladneſs crown the day;
Your pond'rous chains ſhall break at Jeſu's name,
His flaming heralds liberty proclaim.

6 He comes, the tyrant's kingdom to deſtroy,
To publiſh peace, and univerſal joy!
From pole to pole extends his vaſt domain,
Thy King, O Salem, ſhall for ever reign!

7 Break forth aloud, and ſwell the lofty ſong,
To man belov'd the pleaſing ſtrains belong;
While endleſs ages in their circles move,
Enraptur'd ſaints ſhall ſing redeeming love.

Devotional Reflections on the Spring.

HYMN LXXXIII.

1 HAIL! vernal delights of the ground,
What beauteous charms I ſurvey;
The hills and the meadows all round,
Their riches and grandeur diſplay;
The woods where the nightingales ſing,
The vale where the ſtream gently ſtrays,
All gratefully haſting to bring
Their tribute of earlieſt praiſe.

2 With ardour ſuperior and free,
I cheerfully offer my part,
Great Parent of all, unto thee,
And yield my devotional heart:
While on the creation I gaze,
Its order and beauty explore,
My ſoul mounts in rapturous praiſe,
The Maker of all to adore.

3 O! let me fair liberty gain,
And riſe unimpeded with care;
The ſummit of freedom attain,
The bliſs that ſurrounds me to ſhare:

Ye radiant ſmiles from above,
Angelical ſweetneſs impart;
And teach me the leſſon of love,
To tune all my muſical heart.

4 Great Father of mercy and love,
The good that I covet beſtow;
Devoutly I languiſh to prove
The bliſsful enjoyment below;
Then I my glad anthems will raiſe,
(While ſmiling creation I view)
And offer my tribute of praiſe,
To whom all my praiſes are due.

HYMN LXXXIV.

1 THE ſun in his glorious race,
And moon brighteſt queen of the night,
The human angelical face,
Where beauty and ſweetneſs unite;
Sweet verdures adorning the ground,
And nature all blooming and glee,
And all the delights ever found,
Are vain—my Redeemer, to thee!

2 O! teach my contemplative mind
To reach the celeſtial ſkies,
The heaven of heaven's to find,
Where glories unclouded ariſe;
The King in his beauty ſurvey,
And ſhare the ineffable rays,
Where he ſhall his glory diſplay,
I languiſh, for ever to gaze!

On the Death of a dear Friend.

Tune—The Flowers of the Foreſt.

HYMN LXXXV.

1 PENSIVE I wander
In nature's meander,
And muſe on the portion that poor mortals ſhare:
Soft fleeting pleaſure
Indulg'd without meaſure,
Soon fills up the cup of affliction and care:
In the bright morning,
Fair friendſhip adorning
The minds of the tender, united in heart;
But deareſt relations
In ſad viſitations!
Are parted aſunder by death's keeneſt dart!

2 Bleeding with anguiſh,
I mournfully languiſh,
Secluded from whom tender ſympathy join'd:
Sweet ſhady bowers
Have loſt all their powers
To ſooth, or relieve, ſo afflicted a mind!
Grief ſtill aſſailing,
And ſorrows prevailing;
Forlorn and oppreſs'd my companion deplore:
But ſoon, lovely treaſure,
I'll meet thee with pleaſure,
In regions above, to be parted no more!

In Temptation and Trouble.

HYMN LXXXVI.

1 FRIEND of ſinners hear,
And the foe control;
Bring thy mercy near
To my fainting ſoul;
Guide my doubtful race,
Save me in the trying hour
By thy manifeſted grace,
And ſov'reign pow'r.

2 Bring thy laſting peace
To my mournful breaſt;
Bid the diſcord ceaſe,
And the tumult reſt;
Come—thou ſource of love,
Come, diffuſe thy healing ſtore,
And each gloomy fear remove
For ever more.

3 As the gentle dew
Let thy grace deſcend,
Form my ſoul anew
And the conflict end;
Bid me riſe reſtor'd,
Form thine Eden in my heart,
And the bliſs I've long implor'd,
To me impart.

Another.

HYMN LXXXVII.

1 IN ſore temptation's hour, to thee,
O Lord, I lift mine eye;
Make haſte to my relief, and bring
Thy great ſalvation nigh.

2 A gloom tremendous ſpreads around!
And floods approach my ſoul;
The reſtleſs waves in tumult ſwell,
And o'er my head they roll!

3 Unworthy of thy tender care,
So prone my heart to ſtray;
To wander from the God I love,
To wander from his way.

3 Yet, I look up, redeeming God,
Thy blood is all my plea;
In mercy, boundleſs mercy, Lord,
In mercy look on me.

4 In mercy hear my humble plaint,
Thy ſaving help impart;
The joy of thy ſalvation bring,
And cheer my fainting heart.

Another.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1 HEAR me, Lord, my ſtate bemoan,
Sore oppreſs'd with pain and grief;

Thou, Redeemer, thou alone,
Canſt beſtow the kind relief:
Caſt a look of pity down,
Bid the painful tumult ceaſe,
Make thy loving-kindneſs known,
And direct my paths to peace.

2 Where for refuge ſhall I flee,
'Till the raging ſtorm be paſt?
Thou, who gav'ſt thy life for me,
Hide me in thy ſacred breaſt;
'Till thou to my reſcue come,
I'll the dreary deſert trace;
Like the plaintive exile roam,
Panting for the ſtreams of grace.

3 Tho' my pleaſing joys are fled,
And the tides of ſorrow flow;
Daſh their waves againſt my head,
And I ſink in depths of woe!
Yet, I'll truſt, in pain and death,
Tho' I die beneath thy rod;
With my lateſt fleeting breath,
Call thee my redeeming God!

An Act of ſincere Devotion.

HYMN LXXXIX.

1 FATHER who reign'ſt above,
Unchangeably the ſame;
By tender names of love
Thou doſt thyſelf proclaim;
With humble faith on thee I reſt,
To ſhare the portion thou haſt bleſs'd.

2 In life's perplexing maze,
Ah, leave me not to ſtray;
Let thy divineſt rays
Shine on my doubtful way:
Thy ſaving truth to me impart,
And guard the iſſues of my heart.

3 With mercy's ſov'reign hand
Direct, whom thou haſt own'd;
I'll follow thy command
To earth's remoteſt bound:
With favour all my toils beguile,
And I ſhall live beneath thy ſmile.

4 O! teach me to forego
My ev'ry fond deſire,
My all I have below,
Thy wiſdom ſhall require;
And in the paths of duty move,
'Till I attain the prize above.

The Sojourner's Requeſt.

HYMN XC.

1 ETERNAL ſource of wiſdom and of love,
Enthron'd in light, and majeſty above;
To thee I bend, and raiſe my feeble voice,
Lord hear my pray'r, and bid my heart rejoice.

2 Direct my ſteps, while I this deſert trace,
And cheer my ſoul with thine enlivening grace;
To thee, my all devoutly I reſign,
Be thou my guide, and ſeal me ever thine.

3 Thy ſervant, Lord, defend from ev'ry ill,
And teach my ſoul thy precepts to fulfil;
For thee I live, devoted are my days
To tell thy love, and publiſh ſongs of praiſe.

4 On a poor ſojourner in love beſtow
Whate'er is beſt, to aid his ſteps below:
Thou canſt not err, and may thy will be done,
While I the race of humble duty run.

5 If thou my life prolong to hoary age,
Shine on my path in ev'ry riſing ſtage;
Let brighteſt rays my lateſt ev'ning crown,
And in the ſhades of death thy ſervant own.

Friendſhip.

A Prayer for abſent Friends.

HYMN XCI.

Part 1.

1 WILL gracious heav'n an ear incline
And grant a ſuppliant's pray'r!
Preſerve, whom I to thee reſign,
By providential care.

2 Preſerve, if vernal ſuns ſhall ſmile,
Or, fierce December frown;
May peaceful joys their pains beguile,
And ev'ry ſeaſon crown.

3 Tho' time and ſpace divide us far,
And changing ſeaſons roll;
Nor time, nor ſpace, can hinder pray'r,
Nor ſever ſoul from ſoul.

4 The pain, the bliſs, the hope, the fear,
That mortals ſhare below;
The meeting joy, the parting tear,
Friendſhip, 'tis thine to know.

5 The loves that pureſt friendſhip join'd,
Their vigour may retain;
'Till in more happy realms combin'd,
Never to part again!

HYMN XCII.

Part 2.

1 LORD hear my ſtill repeated pray'r,
From thee all bleſſings flow;
On all my friends—the gracious care
Of providence beſtow.

2 Unſhaken may they ever ſtand
Whatever current rolls,
Upheld by that almighty hand
Which earth and hell controls!

3 By Jeſu's cleanſing blood applied,
That ſpeaks our ſins forgiv'n;
May they be fully ſanctified,
And ſeal'd the heirs of heav'n.

4 When time, and pain, and death are o'er,
And ſaints triumphant riſe,
Enraptur'd meet to part no more,
And graſp the boundleſs prize.—

5 May I, in heav'n's tranſporting charms
My friends ſalute above!
Encompaſs'd in Jehovah's arms
Of everlaſting love!

A Sacred Poem.

Part 1.

1 MY heart and voice I raiſe,
To ſpread MESSIAH's praiſe:
Meſſiah's praiſe—let all repeat:
The Univerſal Lord,
By whoſe prolific word
Creation roſe in form complete!

2 *Let there be light*—he ſaid—
Then ſullen darkneſs fled,
Obedient to his high command!
And maſſy orbs above
Began to ſhine—and move—
Suſtain'd by his Almighty hand.

3 Creation's utmoſt bound,
(How high, or how profound)
Declares his Majeſty divine:
Thou Everlaſting Sire,
Thee—ſhall thy works admire,
And all proclaim the glory thine.

4 Man—the ſupreme of all
On this terreſtrial ball,
In wiſdom's pureſt gifts array'd;
From Eden baſely fell:
To ranſom him from hell,—
MESSIAH—ſuffer'd in his ſtead!

5 A ſervant's form he wore,
And in his body bore
Our dreadful curſe on Calvary!
He like a victim ſtood,
And pour'd his ſacred blood,
To ſet the guilty captives free!

6 But ſoon the victor roſe
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the vanquiſh'd hoſt in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes, compell'd to own,
O'er all the great Meſſiah reigns!

7 With mercy's mildeſt grace
He governs all our race
In wiſdom, righteouſneſs, and love:
Who to Meſſiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all his great ſalvation prove.

8 Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Thy kingdom ſhall increaſe,
'Till all the world thy glory ſee!
And righteouſneſs abound,
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

9 In fierce conſuming fire
Shall deſtin'd worlds expire!
And in his might Meſſiah riſe:
The raging fervent blaze
Shall lift its voice in praiſe,
While all diſſolve in earth and ſkies!

10 The mighty Lord of all
Shall then the nations call—
"Ye dead ariſe, to judgment come!"
The crouds ariſing ſee
His ſov'reign majeſty,
And trembling wait their final doom.

11 Great day—that ſhall deſcry
To every wondering eye
The ſecret deeds of day and night!
The ſacred volume large
Its record ſhall diſcharge,
And bring our ev'ry thought to light!

12 The bold blaſphemer there,
In rage, and wild deſpair—
In vain would ſhun impending ire:
Where ſhall the guilty hide?
Or the fierce day abide,
The day of God, reveal'd in fire?

13 With pangs unfelt before,
Urg'd by their pain—implore
A refuge from tremendous wrath!
Too late!—transfixt with awe,
They hear the fiery law
Condemn them to eternal death!

14 Bound with relentleſs chains,
They ſink beneath their pains,
Nor ſhines one beam of hope from heav'n:
With the infernal hoſt,
Are now for ever loſt!
And down to fiery regions driv'n.

Part 3.

15 Ye happy ſons of light,
Who conquer'd in the fight,
And ſtedfaſt to the end endur'd!
Now view the great reward
Meſſiah hath prepar'd,
And to his faithful ſaints ſecur'd.

16 In ecſtacies of bliſs,
They *ſee him as he is*,
Whoſe glory fills th' eternal Throne:
He bids his ſervants prove
Their Maſter's joy above,
And be with him for ever one!

17 City of God, in thee
Is full felicity:
Thy treaſures, an unbounded ſtore!
Where—from the Source of Love,
The ſaints, tranſported, prove,
Unbounded joys for ever more!

18 There ſaints and angels join
In fellowſhip divine,
And rapture ſwells the ſolemn lay:
While all with one accord
Adore their glorious Lord,
And ſhout his praiſe in endleſs day.

19 *Salem*, ſecure above,
Thy joys when ſhall I prove,
And to thy holy hill attain?
Where weary pilgrims reſt,
And in thy glories bleſs'd,
With God their King for ever reign.

20 May I but find the grace
To fill a humble place
In that *inheritance* above:
My tuneful voice I'll raiſe
In ſongs of loudeſt praiſe,
To ſpread thy fame—Redeeming Love.

21 Reign—true Meſſiah—reign,
Thy Kingdom ſhall remain
When ſtars and ſun no more ſhall ſhine:
Myſterious Deity,
Who ne'er began to be!
To ſound thy endleſs praiſe—be mine.

An Ode on the Day of Judgment.

1 WHEN the fierce lightning, and tremendous thunder
Rage thro' creation! & diſſolve the heavens!
Then the dead riſing from their ſilent ſlumber
Never ſhall ſleep more!

2 Time has completed his appointed period.
All is eternal!—endleſs duration!
Tophet enlarges his infernal priſon
Gaping—voracious!

3 Hark! the loud trumpet—come away to
judgment:—
Hell's deepeſt cavern, hears the final ſummons;
Sinners all ghaſtly, ſink in guilty ſorrows,
Speechleſs,—confounded!

4 In all his glory the Meſſiah ſeated,
And his bright angels round his throne
aſſembled;
While all the nations in profound amazement
Tremble before him!

5 There the obdurate, and the baſe blaſphemer
(Frantic with terror, with deſpair & anguiſh)
Hear the laſt ſentence—*Go away ye curſed!*—
Bear the juſt vengeance.

6 Doom'd to dark regions, the abode of ſinners
Never to hope more! ſtill, to be tormented
While helliſh monſters, with infernal fury
Ever purſue them!

7 May I at laſt be found among the bleſſed,
Having my robes waſh'd in the blood of Jeſus
Then all triumphant, I ſhall view my Savior
And ſhare his glory!

FINIS.

ERRATA. Hymn i. v. 4, l. 3—For "babarity," read
"barbarity."

Hymn xii. v. 1, l. 3—For "day is o'er"
read, "ARE o'er."

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